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Bits and Pieces



129 1 7

Chapter 1 by Alicia Chen

If I read this piece of information, I might be able to defeat the people hunting me, but if I did, everything I know right now will change. My whole life would be set out before me; I would be able to tell my future. But, this came with a cost. My friends and everyone I knew would be in great danger. All my secrets, thoughts, and feelings would be exposed. It was a choice between saving myself, and saving my friends. I couldn't decide, each decision seem to have a negative point. There must be a way around it, there always was. The moment I decided to let the piece go, I felt something tingling behind me. I turned around, just to see a girl with a knife pointed at me. The girl lunged at me, but all I could hear was the word "Gwen" repeated over and over again.

I woke up with a start, hitting my head on the low attic ceiling. Just a dream. It was just a dream I tried to convince myself. It was no use. I knew that out there, someone was hunting me.

Chapter 2 by Brendan



I gathered my things, knowing that I couldn't stay long. There was a slatted window in the corner of the attic that I peered through onto the street below. The rusted cars and fallen trees that littered the road were still there.

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When I stepped outside the house, I could see the sun beginning to brighten the western sky. They say that before the war, the sun used to shine brightly in the sky, but the bombs

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that had gone off made the world turn the other way. They also say that people used to drive the cars that were left behind, back when they were still painted and running.

I often wondered what they sounded like when they were turned on.

The path that I had been following the day before left off at the edge of the woods. I said goodbye to the house that had hidden me and stepped off the asphalt and back into the forest.

"You're going to make it. You're going to make it. You're going to make it." I said it three times. Hearing the words almost made me feel like it'd be true.

I walked until the sun was overhead and then I stopped in the shadow of an oak tree. "Old trees", as my father used to call them, "are good for hiding in." I placed my hand upon the tree to thank it, but as I was getting ready to walk away, I heard a branch snap in the woods nearby.

Somebody, or something, was nearby.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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